

# Give Me The Simple Life

Etta Jones

I don't believe in frettin' and grievin'  
Why mess around with strife'  
I never was cut out to step and strut out  
Give me the simple life

Some find it pleasant dining on pheasant  
Those things roll off of my knife  
Just serve me tomatoes and mashed potatoes  
Give me the simple life

A cottage small is all I'm after  
Not one that's spacious and wide  
A house that rings with joy and laughter  
And the ones you love inside

Some like the high road, I like the low road  
Free from the care and strife  
Sounds corny and seedy, but yes, indeed  
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Give me, oh, give me, oh, give me the simple life